

the country quiet of Woodbridge. This Epicurean had not, like Socrates, a Plato to record his fortitude. And because he painted himself so smilingly and unheroically, the world has taken him at his word as smiling and unheroic. He would not have minded. He was not proud of his philosophic calm. He had seen how quietly the poor could die. But for us who sometimes wonder today whether our world will last another year, who exist in an insecurity that would have appalled our grandparents, he remains also a magnificent example of how life can be lived calmly and fully in the midst of earthquakes and on the lap of volcanoes.

He would indeed have found nothing very unfamiliar in an age torn between Communist and Fascist instead of Calvinist and Papist; ready to kill and torture in the name of 'dialectical materialism' or 'the Nordic race*' instead of 'the real presence*' or 'sanctification by grace'. He would have found little to attract him in the dogmas pontificated on either side by zealots knowing what is best for everybody without even knowing their own selves. He would have been irritated by their impossible positiveness: 'rien ne me despit tant en la sottise, que dequoy elle se plaist plus que aulcune raison ne se peut raisonnablement plaire'. He would have been horrified by the vomit of brutality and unscrupulousness to which Europe has returned in the last twenty

years: Tinhumanite surtout et desloyaut6, la pire espece
des vices, que
ie n'ay point le courage de concevoir sans
horreur'. But
he would not have sat breaking his heart
over them, like
some noble idealists one has known—as
Lowes Dickinson
sometimes did. He could live his life
'sainement and
gaiement' even in a France which was
falling to ruin
during more than half of it. There is always
Tarriere-
boutique'—the garden of Candide. It is
depressing that